

KING ARTHUR:

OR, THE

BRITISH WORTHY.

A

M A S Q U E.

By Mr. DRYDEN, *R*

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE,

By HIS MAJESTY's Company,

The Music by PURCELL and Dr. ARNE.

The scenes by French and Lever.

A new Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for W. STRAHAN, L. HAWES and Co. T. DAVIES,
T. LOWNDS, T. BECKET, and W. GRIFFIN. 1770.

[Price 1s.]

KING ARTHUR

ERADICATE THE WORMS

D Ryden and ...
Following ...
as one the best ...
Poetry, Fiction, ...
anted to the Public ...
Managers could ...
in work of ...
will surely be ...
it is hoped ...
Two of our ...
Name the ...
the stage ...
There are ...
greater ...
John ...
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DRYDEN and PURCEL have made the following Performance hitherto regarded as one of the best calculated to shew the Effects of Poetry, Action, and Music. It is now submitted to the Public, with every Attention the Managers could give it.---The success of this, as well as of all other Theatrical Exhibitions, will wholly depend upon the present Taste; but it is hoped, and believed, that the Names of Two of our greatest Geniuses in Poetry and Music, if they have Justice done them upon the Stage, bid fair for public Approbation.---There are some slight Alterations made, for the greater Convenience of Representation; and some few Songs added, where it was thought such Additions would be of Service to the whole.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Arthur, King of Britain,	Mr. Reddish.
Oswald, King of Kent, a Saxon,	Mr. Jefferson.
Conon, Duke of Cornwall,	} Mr. Packer.
Friend to Arthur,	
Aurelius, a British Courtier,	Mr. Keen.
Albanact, a British Officer,	Mr. Bransby.
Guillamar, a Saxon Officer	Mr. Wheeler.
Merlin, the British Prophet,	Mr. Aikin.
Osmond, a Saxon Magician,	Mr. Palmer.

W O M E N.

Emmeline, Daughter to Conon,	Miss Hayward.
Matilda, her Attendant,	Miss Platt.

DEITIES, SPIRITS, &c. &c.

Venus,	Mrs. Scot.
Cupid,	Miss Rogers.
Æolus,	Mr. Champnes.
Honour,	Mr. Vernon.
Philidel, an airy Spirit,	Mrs. Baddeley.
Airy Spirits,	} Mrs. Wrighten.
Grimbald, a Fiend,	Mrs. Dorman.
	Mr. Bannister.

Officers, Soldiers, Priests, Shepherds,
Nymphs, &c. &c. &c.

Scene lies in Kent.



KING ARTHUR:

OR, THE

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A C T I.

SCENE I. *Represents a Gothic temple, being a place of Heathen worship; the three Saxon Gods, Woden, Thor, and Freya, placed on pedestals.*

Enter OSWALD and OSMOND.

O S M.

IT IS time to hasten our mysterious rites;
Because your army waits you.

Osw. *[making three bows.]* Thor, Freya,
Woden, all ye Saxon powers,
Hear, and revenge my father Hengist's death.

Osm. Father of gods and men, great Woden, hear:
Mount thy hot courser, drive amidst thy foes;
Lift high thy thund'ring arm, let every blow
Dash out a misbelieving Briton's brains. *[hear:]*

Osw. Father of gods and men, great Woden,
Give conquest to the Saxon race, and me.

B

Osm.

Osm. Thor, Freya, Woden, hear, and spell your Saxons,
 With sacred Runic rhymes, from death in battle;
 Edge their bright swords, and blunt the Britons darts.

Grimbald, a fierce earthy spirit, arises.
 No more, great prince, for see my trusty fiend,
 Who all the night has wing'd the dusky air.
 What news, my Grimbald?

Grim. I have play'd my part;
 For I have steel'd the fools that are to die;
 Six fools, so prodigal of life and soul,
 That for their country, they devote their lives
 A sacrifice to mother Earth, and Woden.

Osm. 'Tis well; but are we sure of victory?

Grim. Why ask'st thou me?
 Inspect their intrails, draw from thence thy guess:
 Blood we must have, without it we are dumb.

Osm. Say, where's thy fellow-servant, Philidel?
 Why comes not he?

Grim. For he's a puling sprite:
 Why didst thou chuse a tender airy form,
 Unequal to the mighty work of mischief?
 His make is flitting, soft, and yielding atoms;
 He trembles at the yawning gulph of hell,
 Nor dares approach the flame, lest he should singe
 His gaudy filken wings.

He sighs when he should plunge a soul in sulphur,
 As with compassion touch'd of foolish man.

Osm. What a half devil's he?
 His errand was, to draw the low-land damps,
 And noisom vapours from the foggy fens:
 Then, breathe the baleful stench, with all his force,
 Full on the faces of our christen'd foes.

Grim. Accordingly he drain'd those marshy-
 grounds;
 And bagg'd 'em in a blue peffiferous cloud;
 Which when he shou'd have blown, the frighted elf
 Espy'd

KING ARTHUR.

3

Espy'd the red-cross banners of their host;
And said he durst not add to his damnation.

Osm. I'll punish him at leisure.
Call in the victims to propitiate hell.

Grim. That's my kind master, I shall breakfast
on 'em. [Exit Grim.

Osw. Ambitious fools we are,
And yet ambition is a godlike fault:
Or rather, 'tis no fault in souls born great,
Who dare extend their glory by their deeds.
Now Brittany prepare to change thy state,
And from this day begin thy Saxon date.

*Grimbald re-enters with six Saxons in white, with
swords in their hands, priests and singers.*

SACRIFICE SONG.

RECITATIVE I. Mr. Champnes.

*Woden, first to thee,
A milk-white steed, in battle won,
We have sacrific'd.*

Chor. *We have sacrific'd.*

RECIT. II. Mr. Vernon.

*Let our next oblation be
To Thor, thy thundering son,
Of such another.*

Chor. *We have sacrific'd.*

RECIT. III. Mr. Champnes.

*A third (of Friezeland breed was he)
To Woden's wife, and to Thor's mother:
And now we have aton'd all three.
We have sacrific'd.*

Chor. *We have sacrific'd.*

KING ARTHUR.

RECIT. IV. Mr. Vernon.

The white horse neigh'd aloud.

CHORUS.

*To Woden thanks we render;**To Woden we have vow'd;**To Woden our defender.*

RECIT. V. Mrs. Scot.

*The lot is cast, and Tanfan pleas'd;**Of mortal cares you shall be eas'd.*

CHORUS.

*Brave souls to be renown'd in story,**Honour prizing,**Death despising,**Fame acquiring,**By expiring,**Die and reap the fruit of glory.*

AIR II. Mr. Vernon.

*I call you all**To Woden's hall;**Your temples round,**With ivy bound,**In goblets crown'd,**And plenteous bowls of burnish'd gold.**Where you shall laugh,**And dance, and quaff**The juice, that makes the Britons bold.*Chor. *Brave souls, &c.**[All retire, and the scene closes upon them,*

SCENE

KING ARTHUR.

5

SCENE II. *A landskip.*

Enter Aurelius, Albanius, and Conon.

Con. This is the deciding day, to fix
Great-Britain's scepter in great Arthur's hand.

Aur. Or put it in the bold invader's gripe.
Arthur and Oswald, and their different fates,
Are weighing now within the scales of heaven.

Con. In ten set battles have we driven back
These heathen Saxons, and regain'd our earth.
As earth recovers from an ebbing tide
Her half-drown'd face, and lifts it o'er the waves,
From Severn's bank, e'en to this barren down
Our foremost men have press'd their fainty rear,
And not one Saxon face has been beheld;
But all their backs and shoulders have been stuck
With foul dishonest wounds; now here, indeed,
Because they have no farther ground, they stand.

Aur. Well have we chose a happy day for fight;
For every man, in course of time, has found
Some days are lucky, some unfortunate.

Alb. But why this day more lucky than the rest?

Con. Because this day
Is sacred to the patron of our isle;
A Christian, and a soldier's annual feast.

Alb. Oh, now I understand you. This is St.
George of Cappadocia's day. Well, it may be so,
but faith I was ignorant; we soldiers seldom ex-
amine the Rubrick; and now and then a faint may
happen to slip by us: but if he be a gentleman
saint, he will forgive us.

Con. Oswald undoubtedly will fight it bravely.

Aur. And it behoves him well, 'tis his last stake.
But what manner of man is this Oswald? Have ye
ever seen him?

[*To Alb.*

Alb. Ne'er but once; and that was to my cost
too; I follow'd him too close, and, to say the truth,
some-

somewhat uncivilly, upon a rout: but he turned upon me, as quick and as round as a chaf'd boar; and gave me two licks a-crofs the face, to put me in mind of my christianity.

Con. I know him well; he's free and open-hearted.

Aur. His country's character: that speaks a German.

Con. Revengeful, rugged, violently brave; And once resolv'd, is never to be mov'd.

Alb. Yes, he's a valiant dog; pox on him.

Con. This was the character he then maintain'd, When in my court he sought my daughter's love; My fair, blind Emmeline.

Alb. I cannot blame him for courting the heiress of Cornwall: all heiresses are beautiful: and as blind as she is, he would have had no blind bargain of her.

Aur. For that defeat in love he rais'd this war. For royal Arthur reign'd within her heart, 'Ere Oswald mov'd the suit.

Con. Ay, now Aurelius, you have nam'd a man; One, whom besides the homage that I owe, As Cornwall's duke, to his imperial crown, I wou'd have chosen out from all mankind, To be my sovereign lord.

Aur. His worth divides him from the croud of kings.

Con. Arthur is all that's excellent in Oswald; And void of all his faults: in battle brave, But still serene in all the stormy war, Like heaven above the clouds; and after fight, As merciful and kind to vanquish'd foes, As a forgiving God. But see, he's here, And praise is dumb before him.

Enter King Arthur, reading a letter, with attendants.

Arth. [reading.] 'Go on, auspicious prince, the stars are kind.

'Unfold thy banners to the willing wind; While

KING ARTHUR.

7

• While I, with airy legions, help thy arms;
• Confronting art with art, and charms with charms.*
So Merlin writes; nor can we doubt th' event, [To Con.
With heav'n and you, our friends. Oh noble Conon,
You taught my tender hands the trade of war:
And now again you helm your hoary head,
And under double weight of age and arms,
Assert your country's freedom and my crown.

Con. No more, my son.

Arth. Most happy in that name!
Your Emmeline, to Oswald's vows refus'd,
You made my plighted bride:
Your charming daughter, who like love, born blind,
Un-aiming hits, with surest archery,
And innocently kills.

Con. Remember, son,
You are a general; other wars require you,
For see the Saxon gross begins to move.

Arth. Their infantry embattel'd, square and close,
March firmly on, to fill the middle space:
Cover'd by their advancing cavalry.
By heav'n 'tis beauteous horror!
The noble Oswald has provok'd my envy.

Enter Emmeline, led by Matilda.

Ha! now my beauteous Emmeline appears,
A new, but oh, a softer flame inspires me:
E'en rage and vengeance slumber at her sight.

Con. Haste your farewell; I'll cheer my troops,
and wait ye. [Exit Conon.

Em. O father, father, I am sure you're here;
Because I see your voice.

Arth. No, thou mistak'st thy hearing for thy sight:
He's gone, my Emmeline;
And I but stay to gaze on those fair eyes,
Which cannot view the conquest they have made.
Oh star-like night, dark only to thy self,
But full of glory, as those lamps of heaven

That

That see not, when they shine.

Em. What is this heav'n, and stars, and night,
and day,

To which you thus compare my eyes and me?

I understand you, when you say you love:

For, when my father clasps my hand in his,

That's cold, and I can feel it hard and wrinkled;

But when you grasp it, then I sigh, and pant,

And something presses to my heart.

Artb. Oh artless love! where the soul moves the
tongue.

And only nature speaks what nature thinks!

Had she but eyes!

Em. Just now you said I had.

Artb. But neither see.

Em. I'm sure they hear you then:

What can your eyes do more?

Artb. They view your beauties.

Em. Do not I see? you have a face, like mine.

Artb. It is not sight, but touching with your
hands. [one:

Em. Then 'tis my hand that sees, and that's all
For is not seeing, touching with your eyes?

Artb. No, for I see at distance, where I touch not.

Em. If you can see so far, and yet not touch,
I fear you see my naked legs and feet

Quite through my clothes; pray do not see so well.

Artb. Fear not, sweet innocence;
I view the lovely features of your face;
Your lips carnation, your dark-shaded eye-brows,
Black eyes, and snow-white forehead; all the co-
lours

That make your beauty, and produce my love.

Em. Nay, then, you do not love on equal terms:
I love you dearly, without all these helps:

I cannot see your lip's carnation,

Your shaded eye-brows, nor your milk-white eyes.

Artb. Alas 'tis vain t' instruct your innocence.

You

KING ARTHUR.

You have no notion of light or colours

[Trumpet sounds within.]

Em. Why, is not that a trumpet?

Arth. Yes.

Em. I knew it.

And I can tell you how the sound on't looks;
It looks as if it had an angry fighting face.

Arth. 'Tis now indeed a sharp unpleasant sound,
Because it calls me hence, from her I love,
To meet ten thousand foes.

Em. How does so many men e'er come to meet?
This devil trumpet vexes 'em, and then—
They feel about for one another's faces;
And so they meet, and kill.

Arth. I'll tell ye all; when we have gain'd the
field;
One kiss of your fair hand, the pledge of conquest.
And so short a farewell.

[Kisses her hand, and exit with Aurel. Alb. and attendants.]

Em. My heart and vows go with him to the fight;
May every foe be that, which they call blind,
And none of all their swords have eyes to find him.
But lead me nearer to the trumpeter's face;
For that brave sound upholds my fainting heart;
And while I hear, methinks I fight my part.

[Exit led by Matilda.]

SCENE III.

A Camp, Drums, Trumpets, and military Shouts.

MARTIAL SONG, sung by Mr. Vernon.

*Come if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come if you dare, the foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thund'ring
drum.*

C

New

Now they charge on amain,

Now they rally again:

The gods from above the mad labour behold,

And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

Cho. Now they charge, &c.

[Exeunt drums and trumpet, a march.]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A general Engagement between the Britons and Saxons,
in which the Britons are Conquerors.*

SCENE II. A Rural Prospect.

Enter Philidel.

Phil. **A**LAS, for pity, of this bloody field!
Piteous it needs must be, when I, a spirit,
Can have so soft a sense of human woes!
Ah! for so many souls, as but this morn
Were cloath'd with flesh, and warm'd with vital blood,
But naked now, or shirted but with air.

A SONG.

*O Peace, sweet Peace, descend,
Of human woes the friend,
O charm to rest this troubled isle,
And o'er the land propitious smile;
Thy smile can chase these clouds away,
From darkest night bring forth the day.
O Peace, sweet Peace, appear,
And plant thy olive here.*

SCENE

SCENE *draws and discovers Merlin's Cave.*

He comes forward.

Mer. What art thou, spirit? of what name or order?

(For I have view'd thee in my magic glass)
Making thy moan among the midnight wolves,
That bay the silent moon: speak, I conjure thee.
'Tis Merlin bids thee, at whose awful wand,
The pale ghost quivers, and the grim fiend gasps.

Phil. An airy shape, the tend'rest of my kind,
The last seduc'd, and least deform'd of hell;
Half white, and shuff'd in the crowd, I fell,
Desirous to repent, and loth to sin;
Aukward in mischief, piteous of mankind.
My name is Philidel, my lot in air,
Where next beneath the moon and nearest heav'n,
I soar and have a glimpse to be receiv'd,
For which the swarthy dæmons envy me.

Mer. Thy business here?

Phil. To shun the Saxon wizard's dire commands.
Osmond, the awfull'st name next thine below.
'Cause I refuse to hurl a noisom fog
On christen'd heads, the hue-and-cry of hell
Is rais'd against me for a fugitive sprite.

Mer. Osmond shall know, a greater power protects thee;

But follow then the whispers of thy soul,
That draw thee nearer heav'n.

And as thy place is nearest to the sky,
The rays will reach thee first, and bleach thy foot.

Phil. In hope of that, I spread my azure wings,
And wishing still, for yet I dare not pray,
I bask in day-light, and behold with joy
My scum work outward, and my rust wear off.

Mer. Why, that's my hopeful spirit, now mark me, Philidel,

I will employ thee for thy future good :
 Thou know'st, in spite of valiant Oswald's arms,
 Or Osmond's powerful spells, the field is ours—

Phil. Oh master ! hasten

Thy dread commands ; for Grimbald at hand,
 Osmond's fierce fiend ; I snuff his earthy scent :
 The conquering Britons he misleads to rivers,
 Or dreadful downfalls of unheeded rocks ;
 Where many fall, that ne'er shall rise again.

Mer. Be that thy care, to stand by falls of
 brooks,

And trembling bogs, that bear a green-sward show.
 Warn off the bold pursuers from the chace :
 No more, they come, and we divide the task.
 But lest fierce Grimbald's pond'rous bulk oppress
 Thy tender flitting air, I'll leave my band
 Of spirits with united strength to aid thee,
 And force with force repel.

[*Excunt Merlin and Philidel into the cave.*]

SCENE a wood.

Enter Grimbald and his followers disguised like shepherds, leading king Arthur, Canon, Aurelius, Albanact, and attendants.

Grim. Here, this way, Britons, follow Oswald's flight.

This evening as I whistled out my dog,
 To drive my straggling flock, and pitch'd my fold,
 I saw him dropping sweat, o'erlabour'd, stiff,
 Make faintly as he could, to yonder dell.
 Tread in my steps : long neighbourhood by day
 Has made these fields familiar in the night.

Arth. I thank thee, shepherd ;
 Expect reward, lead on, we follow thee.

[*As Arthur is going off, enter Philidel and his followers.*]

SONG.

KING ARTHUR.

13

SONG. Sung by Philidel.

*Hither this way, this way bend,
Trust not that malicious fiend :
Those are false deluding lights,
Wasted far and near by sprites,
Trust 'em not, for they'll deceive ye;
And in bogs and marshes leave you.*

Chor. of Phil. spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Phil. sings. *If you step, no danger thinking,
Down you fall, a furlong sinking :
'Tis a fiend who has annoy'd ye;
Name but Heav'n, and he'll avoid ye.*

Chor. of Phil. spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Philidel's spirits. *Trust not that malicious fiend.*

Grimbald's spirits. *Trust me, I am no malicious fiend.*

Philidel's spirits. *Hither this way, &c.*

Grimb. By Hell she sings them back, in my de-
spite.

I had a voice in Heav'n, ere sulph'rous steams
Had damp'd it to a hoarseness : try it now.

SONG.

*Let not a moon-born elf mislead ye
From your prey, and from your glory.
Too far, alas, he has betray'd ye :
Follow the flames, that wave before ye :
Sometimes sev'n, and sometimes one ;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.*

II.

*See, see, the footsteps plain appearing,
That way Oswald chose for flying :
Firm is the turf, and fit for bearing,
Where yonder pearly dewes are lying,*

Far

KING ARTHUR.

*Far be cannot hence be gone ;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.*

Arth. 'Tis true, he says ; the footsteps yet are
fresh
Upon the sod, no falling dew-drops have
Disturb'd the print. [*All are going to follow Grimbald.*

Phil. sings. *Hither this way.*

Chorus of Phil. spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chorus of Grimb. spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Philidel's spirits. *Trust not that malicious fiend.*

Grimb. spirits. *Trust me, I am no malicious fiend.*

Philidel's spirits. *Hither this way, &c.*

[*They all incline to Philidel.*

Grim. speaks. Curse on her voice, I must my prey
forego ;

Thou, Philidel, shalt answer this below.

[*Grimbald sinks in a flash of fire.*

Arth. At last the cheat is plain ;

The cloven-footed fiend is vanish'd from us ;

Good angels be our guides, and bring us back.

Phil. singing. *Come follow, follow, follow me.*

Chor. *Come follow, &c.*

And me. And me. And me.

Verf. 2 Voc. *And green-sward all your way shall be.*

Chor. *Come follow, &c.*

Verf. *No goblin or elf shall dare to offend ye.*

Chor. *No, no, no, &c.*

No goblin or elf shall dare to offend ye.

Verf. 3 Voc. *We brethren of air,*

You heroes will bear

To the kind and the fair that attend ye.

Chor. *We brethren, &c.*

[*Philidel, and the spirits go off singing, with king
Arthur, and the rest in the middle of them.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *A Camp and Emmeline's Pavilion,
with a bank.*

Enter Emmeline led by Matilda.

Em. No news of my dear love, or of my father?

Mat. None, madam, since the gaining of the battle:
Great Arthur is a royal conqueror now;
And well deserves your love.

Em. But now I fear
He'll be too great to love poor silly me.
If he be dead, or never come again,
I mean to die: but there's a greater doubt;
Since I ne'er saw him here,
How shall I meet him in another world?

Mat. Indeed I know not.

Em. I should find him,
For surely I have seen him in my sleep;
And then methought he put his mouth to mine,
And eat a thousand kisses on my lips.
Sure by his kissing I could find him out,
Among a thousand angels in the sky.

Mat. But what a kind of man do you suppose
him?

Em. He must be made of the most precious things,
And I believe his mouth, and eyes, and cheeks,
And nose, and all his face, are made of gold.

Mat. Heav'n bless us, madam, what a face you
make him!
If it be yellow he must have the jaundice,
And that's a bad disease.

Em. Why then do lovers give a thing so bad
As gold, to women, whom so well they love?

Mat. Because that bad thing, gold, buys all good
things.

Em. Yet I must know him better: of all colours,
Tell me which is the purest, and the softest.

Mat.

Mat. They say 'tis black.

Em. Why then, since gold is hard, and yet is precious,

His face must all be made of soft black gold.

Mat. But, madam——

Em. No more; I have learn'd enough for once.

Mat. Here are a crew of Kentish lads and lasses,
Wou'd entertain you, till your lord's return,
With songs and dances, to divert your cares.

Em. O bring 'em in.

For tho' I cannot see the songs, I love 'em;
And love, they tell me, is a dance of hearts.

Enter Kentish Lads and Lasses.

SONG. Sung by Mr. Vernon.

I.

*How blest are shepherds, how happy their lasses,
While drums and trumpets are sounding alarms!
Over our lowly sheds all the storm passes;
And when we die, 'tis in each others arms.
All the day on our herds, and flocks employing:
All the night on our flutes, and in enjoying.*

Chor. All the day, &c.

II.

*Bright Nymphs of Britain, with graces attended,
Let not your days without pleasure expire;
Honour's but empty, and when youth is ended,
All men will praise you, but none will desire.
Let not youth fly away without contenting;
Age will come time enough for your repenting.*

Chor. Let not youth, &c.

DUETTO.

KING ARTHUR.

17

DUETTO. Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Dorman:

*Shepherds, shepherds, leave decoying,
Pipes are sweet a summer's day;
But a little after toying,
Women have the shot to pay.*

II.

*Here are marriage vows for signing,
Set their marks that cannot write:
After that, without repining,
Play, and welcome, day and night.*

CHORUS.

*Come, shepherds, lead up a lively measure;
The cares of wedlock are cares of pleasure;
But whether marriage bring joy or sorrow,
Make sure of this day, and hang to-morrow*

*[They dance after the song, and exeunt
shepherds and shepherdesses.]*

*Enter, on the other side of the Stage, Oswald and
Guillamar.*

Osw. The night has wilder'd us; and we are
fall'n

Among their formost tents.

Guil. Ha! what are these!

They seem of more than vulgar quality.

Em. What sounds are those? They cannot far be
distant;

Where are we now, Matilda?

Mat. Just before your tent.

Fear not, they must be friends, and they approach.

Em. My Arthur, speak, my love, are you return'd
To bless your Emmeline?

Osw. [to Guilla.] I know that face:

'Tis the ungrateful fair, who, scorning mine,

D

Accepts

Accepts my rival's love: heaven, thou'rt bounteous,
Thou ow'st me nothing now.

Mat. Fear grows upon me:

Speak what you are; speak, or I call for help.

Osw. We are your guards.

Mat. Ah me! we are betray'd; 'tis Oswald's
voice.

Em. Let them not see our voices, and then they
cannot find us.

Osw. Passions in men oppress'd are doubly strong,
I take her from king Arthur; there's revenge;
If she can love, she buoys my sinking fortunes:
Good reasons both: I'll on—Fear nothing ladies,
You shall be safe:

Oswald and Guillamar seize Emmeline and Matilda.

Em. and Matil. Help, help!

Osw. By heav'n ye injure me; tho' force is us'd,
Your honour shall be sacred.

Em. Help, help, Oh, Britons, help.

Osw. Your Britons cannot help you;
This arm, thro' all their troops, shall force my way:
Yet neither quit my honour nor my prey.

[*Exeunt, the women still crying.*

[*An alarm within; and a cry of Follow, follow,
follow.*

Enter Albanast, Captain of the Guards, and Soldiers.

Alb. Which way went th' alarm?

1 Sol. Here, towards the castle.

Alb. Plague o' this victory, and stop your shout-
ing;

The princess in the clutches of your foes
Blasts all our laurels—a hundred victories
Will not half pay the loss of Emmeline:
We are outwitted by the Saxons;

But

But 'tis no wonder, the whole camp's debauch'd,
All drunk or whoring :—this way.

Enter an Officer.

Offic. How fits the conquest on great Arthur's
brow ?

Alb. As when the lover with the king is mixt,
He puts the gain of Britain in a scale,
Which weighing with the loss of Emmeline,
He thinks he's scarce a saver. [*Trumpet within.*

Offic. Hark ! a trumpet !
It sounds a parley.

Alb. 'Tis from Oswald then,
An echo to king Arthur's friendly summons,
Sent since he heard the rape of Emmeline,
To ask an interview.

[*Trumpet answering the other side.*

Offic. But hark ! already
Our trumpet makes reply ; and see both present.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *A Camp at a distance.*

*Enter Arthur on one side attended, Oswald on the other
with attendants, and Guillamar. They meet and
salute.*

Arth. Brave Oswald ! We have met on friendlier
terms,
Companions of a war, with common interest
Against the bordering Picts : but times are chang'd.

Osw. And I am sorry that those times are chang'd :
For else we now might meet on terms as friendly.

Arth. If so we meet not now, the fault's your
own ;

For you have wrong'd me much.

Osw. Oh ! you wou'd tell me,
I call'd more Saxons in, t'enlarge my bounds :
If those be wrongs, the war has well redress'd ye.

Arth. Mistake me not, I count not war a wrong:
War is the trade of kings that fight for empire:
And better be a lion than a sheep.

Osw. In what then have I wrong'd ye?

Arth. In my love.

Osw. Even love's an empire too: the noble soul,
Like kings, is covetous of single sway.

Arth. I blame ye not for loving Emmeline:
But since the soul is free, and love is choice,
You should have made a conquest of her mind,
And not have forc'd her person by a rape.

Osw. Whether by force, or stratagem, we gain,
Still gaining is our end, in war or love.
Her mind's the jewel in her body lock'd;
If I would gain the gem, and want the key,
It follows I must seize the cabinet:
But to secure your fear, her honour is untouch'd.

Arth. Was honour ever safe in brutal hands?
So safe are lambs within the lion's paw;
Ungripp'd and play'd with till fierce hunger calls,
Then nature shews itself; the close-hid nails
Are stretch'd, and open, to the panting prey.
But if, indeed, you are so cold a lover—

Osw. Not cold, but honourable.

Arth. Then restore her:

That done, I shall believe you honourable.

Osw. Think'st thou I will forgo a victor's right?

Arth. Say rather, of an impious ravisher.

That castle, were it wall'd with adamant,
Can hide thy head but till to-morrow's dawn.

Osw. And ere to-morrow I may be a god,
If Emmeline be kind: but kind or cruel,
I tell thee, Arthur, but to see this day,
That heavenly face, tho' not to have her mine,
I would give up a hundred years of life,
And bid Fate cut to-morrow.

Arth.

Arth. It soon will come, and thou repent too late,
Which to prevent, I'll bribe thee to be honest.
Thy noble head, accustom'd to a crown,
Shall wear it still, nor shall thy hand forget
The scepter's use: from Medway's pleasing stream,
To Severn's roar, be thine;
In short, restore my love, and share my kingdom.

Osw. Not tho' you spread my sway from Thames
to Tiber:
Such gifts might bribe a king, but not a lover.

Arth. Then prythee give me back my kingly
word
Pass'd for thy safe return; and let this hour,
In single combat, hand in hand, decide
The fate of empire and of Emmeline.

Osw. Not that I fear do I decline this combat,
And not decline it neither, but defer:
When Emmeline has been my prize as long
As she was thine, I dare thee to the duel.

Arth. I nam'd your utmost term of life; to-
morrow.

Osw. You are not fate.

Arth. But fate is in this arm.
You might have made a merit of your theft.

Osw. Ha! theft! Your guards can tell I stole
her not.

Arth. Had I been present——

Osw. Had you been present, she had been mine
more nobly.

Arth. There lies your way.

Osw. My way lies where I please.
Expect (for Osmond's magic cannot fail)
A long to-morrow, ere your arms prevail:
Or if I fall make room ye blest above,
For one who was undone, and dy'd for love.

[Exit Oswald and his party.]

Arth.

Arth. There may be one black minute e'er to-morrow:

For who can tell, what power, and lust, and charms,

May do this night? To arms, with speed, to arms.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *of rocks and water.*

Enter Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, &c.

Con. **F**URL up our colours, and unbrace our drums;

Dislodge betimes, and quit this fatal coast.

Arth. Have we forgot to conquer?

Aur. Cast off hope:

Th' imbattl'd legions of fire, air, and earth,
Are banded for our foes.

For going to discover, with the dawn,
Yon southern hill, which promis'd to the fight
A rise more easy to attack the fort,
Scarcely had we stept on the forbidden ground,
When the woods shook, the trees stood bristling up;
A living trembling nodded thro' the leaves.

Arth. Poplars, and aspen-boughs, a panic fright!

Con. We thought so too, and doubled still our pace,
But strait a rumbling sound, like bellowing winds,
Rose and grew loud; confus'd with howls of wolves,
And grunts of bears, and dreadful hiss of snakes;
Shrieks more than human; globes of hail pour'd
down

An armed winter, and inverted day.

Arth.

KING ARTHUR. 2

Arth. Dreadful indeed!

Aur. Count then our labours lost:

For other way lies none, to mount the cliff,
Unless we borrow wings, and sail thro' air.

Arth. Now I perceive a danger worthy me.
'Tis Osmond's work, a band of hell-hir'd slaves:
Be mine the hazard, mine shall be the fame.

[*Arthur going out, is met by Merlin, who takes
him by the hand and brings him back.*]

Enter Merlin,

Mer. Hold, Sir, and wait Heav'n's time, th' at-
tempt's too dangerous:
There's not a tree in that enchanted grove,
But number'd out, and giv'n by tale to fiends:
And under every leaf a spirit couch'd.
But by what method to dissolve these charms,
Is yet unknown to me.

Arth. Hadst thou been here, (for what can
thwart thy skill?)
Nor Emmeline had been the boast of Oswald;
Nor I, forewarn'd, been wanting to her guard.

Con. Her darken'd eyes had seen the light of
Heav'n;
That was thy promise too, and this the time.

Mer. Nor has my aid been absent, tho' unseen,
With friendly guides in your benighted maze:
Nor Emmeline shall longer want the sun.

Arth. Is there an end of woes?

Mer. There is, and sudden.
I have employ'd a subtle airy sprite
T' explore the passage, and prepare thy way.
Myself, mean time, will view the magic wood,
To learn whereon depends its force.

Con. But Emmeline——

Mer. Fear not: this vial shall restore her sight.

Arth. Oh might I hope (and what's impossible

To

To Merlin's art ?) to be myself the bearer,
That with the light of Heav'n she may discern
Her lover first.

Mer. 'Tis wond'rous hazardous ;
Yet I foresee th' event, 'tis fortunate.
I'll bear ye safe, and bring ye back unharm'd :
Then lose not precious time, but follow me.

[Exeunt omnes, Merlin leading Arthur.]

SCENE II. *a wood, with the sun.*

Enter Philidel.

Phil. I left all safe behind ;
For in the hindmost quarter of the wood,
My former lord, grim Osmond, walks the round :
Calls o'er the names, and schools the tardy sprites.
His absence gives me more security.
At every walk I pass'd, I drew a spell :
So that if any fiend, abhorring Heav'n,
There sets his foot, it roots him to the ground.
Now cou'd I but discover Emmeline,
My task was fairly done.

*Grimbald rushes out : he seizes Philidel, and binds him
in a chain.*

Grim. O rebel, have I caught thee !

Phil. Ah me ! what hard mishap !

Grim. What just revenge !

Thou miscreant elf, thou renegado scout,
So clean, so furbish'd, so renew'd in white,
The livery of our foes ; I see thee thro'
What mak'st thou here ? Thou trim apostate, speak.
Thou shak'st for fear, I feel thy false heart pant.

Phil. Ah mighty Grimbald,
Who would not fear, when seiz'd in thy strong
gripe !

But

But hear me,—oh renown'd, oh worthy fiend,
The favourite of our chief.

Grim. Away with fullsome flattery,
The food of fools; thou know'st where last we met;
When, but for thee, the Christians had been swal-
low'd

In quaking bogs, and living sent to hell.

Phil. Ay, then I was seduc'd by Merlin's art,
And half persuaded by his soothing tales,
To hope for heav'n; as if eternal doom
Cou'd be revers'd, and undecreed for me;
But I am now set right.

Grim. Oh still thou think'st to fly a fool to mark.

Phil. I fled from Merlin, free as air that bore
me;

T'unfold to Osmyrn all his deep designs.

Grim. I believe nothing: oh, thou fond im-
postor,

When wert thou last in hell? Is not thy name
Forgot, and blotted from th' infernal roll?

But since thou say'st thy errand was to Osmond,
To Osmond shalt thou go: March, know thy
driver.

Phil. [*kneeling*] Oh spare me, Grimbald, and I'll
be thy slave:

Tempt hermits for thee in their holy cells,
And virgins in their dreams.

Grim. Canst thou, a devil, hope to cheat a
devil?

A spy! why that's a name abhorr'd in hell.

Haste, forward, forward, or I'll goad thee on
With iron spurs.

Phil. But use me kindly then:

Pull not so hard, to hurt my airy limbs;

I'll follow thee unforc'd: Look, there's thy way.

Grim. Ay, there's thy way indeed; but for more
surety

I'll keep an eye behind : Not one word more,
But follow decently.

[*Grim. goes out, dragging Phil.*

Phil. So catch him, spell. [Aside.

Grim. [*within.*] O help me, help me, Philidel.

Phil. Why, what's the matter?

Grim. Oh, I am ensnar'd ;

Heav'n's birdlime wraps me round, and glues my
wings.

Loose me, and I will free thee :
Do, and I'll be thy slave.

Phil. What, to a spy, a name abhorr'd in hell?

Grim. Do not insult. Oh! oh! I grow to
ground ;

The fiery net draws closer on my limbs. Oh!
oh! oh!

Phil. Thou shalt not have the ease to curse in
torments :

Be dumb for one half hour : so long my charm
Can keep thee silent, and there lie
Till Osmond breaks thy chain.

[*Philidel unbinds his own fetters.*

*Enter to him Merlin, with a vial in his hand ; and
Arthur.*

Mer. Well hast thou wrought thy safety with
thy wit,

My Philidel ; go meritorious on :
Me other work requires, to view the wood,
And learn to make the dire enchantments void ;
Mean time attend king Arthur in my room ;
Shew him his love, and with these sovereign drops
Restore her sight.

[*Exit Merlin, giving a vial to Philidel.*

Artb. O yonder, yonder she's already found :
My soul directs my sight, and flies before it.

See

See where she sits beneath the poplar shade ;
 Now, gentle spirit, use thy utmost art,
 Unseal her eyes, and this way lead her steps,
 While I conceal myself, and feast my eyes
 By viewing hers, new opening to the day.

[*Arthur withdraws.*]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Phil. *We must work, we must haste ;
 Noon-tide hour is almost past.
 Sprites that glimmer in the sun,
 Into shades already run ;
 Osmond will be here anon.*

S O N G.

*To virtue with rapture I bear,
 The balsam to heal, the cordial to cheer.
 When vice is oppressing,
 Pursuing, distressing,
 Just Heav'n with virtue takes part ;
 For sorrow, and sadness,
 Brings comfort and gladness,
 To close ev'ry wound of the heart.*

Enter Emmeline and Matilda at the upper end of the wood.

Emmeline and Matilda come forward.

Philidel approaches Emmeline, sprinkling some of the water over her eyes out of the vial.

Phil. *Thus, thus I infuse
 These sovereign dewos.
 Fly back, ye films, that cloud her sight :
 And you, ye crystal humours bright,
 Your*

KING ARTHUR.

*Your noxious vapours purg'd away,
 Recover and admit the day.
 Now cast your eyes abroad, and see
 All but me.*

Em. Ha! what was that? Who spoke?

Mat. I heard the voice; 'tis one of Osmond's fiends.

Em. Some blessed angel sure; I feel my eyes
 Unseal'd, they walk abroad, and a new world
 Comes rushing on, and stands all gay before me.

Mat. Oh Heav'ns! Oh joy of joys! she has her sight.

Em. I am new-born; I shall run mad for pleasure.
 [Staring on Mat.]
 Are women such as thou? Such glorious creatures?

Arth. [aside.] Oh how I envy her, to be first seen!

Em. Stand farther; let me take my fill of sight.
 [Locking up.]

What's that above that weakens my new eyes,
 Makes me not see, by seeing?

Mat. 'Tis the sun.

Em. The sun! 'tis sure a God, if that be heav'n:

Oh! if thou art a creature, best and fairest,
 How well art thou, from mortals so remote,
 To shine and not to burn, by near approach!
 How hast thou lighten'd even my very soul,
 And let in knowledge by another sense!
 I gaze about, new-born to day and thee;
 A stranger yet, an infant to the world!
 Art thou not pleas'd, Matilda? Why, like me,
 Dost thou not look and wonder?

Mat. For these sights
 Are to my eyes familiar.

Em.

Em. That's my joy,
Not to have seen before: for nature now
Comes all at once, confounding my delight.
But ah! what thing am I? Fain would I know;
Or am I blind, or do I see but half?
With all my care, and looking round about,
I cannot view my face.

Mat. None see themselves
But by reflection; in this glass you may.

[Gives her a glass,

Em. *[looking in the glass]* What's this?
It holds a face within it: O sweet face!
It draws the mouth, and smiles, and looks upon
me;
And talks, but yet I cannot hear it speak;
The pretty thing is dumb.

Mat. The pretty thing
You see within the glass, is You.

Em. What, am I two? Is this another me?
Indeed it wears my clothes, has hands like mine;
And mocks whate'er I do; but that I'm sure
It cannot be, I'd swear it were my child.

[Matilda looks.

Look, my Matilda; we both are in the glass.
Oh, now I know it plain; they are our names,
That peep upon us there.

Mat. Our shadows, Madam.

Em. Mine is the prettier shadow far, than thine.
I love it; let me kiss my t'other self.

[Kissing the glass.

Alas, I've kiss'd it dead; the fine thing's gone;
Indeed it kiss'd so cold as if 'twere dying.

[Arthur comes forward softly; shewing himself behind her.

'Tis here again.

Oh, no, this face is neither mine nor thine:

I think

I think the glass hath borne another child.

[She turns and sees Arthur.]

Ha! What art thou, with a new kind of face,
And other clothes, a noble creature too;
But taller, bigger, fiercer in thy look;
Of a controuling eye, majestic make?

Mat. Do you not know him, Madam?

Em. Is't a man?

Arth. Yes, and the most unhappy of my kind,
If you have chang'd your love.

Em. My dearest Lord!

Was my soul blind; and cou'd not that look out,
To know you, ere you spoke? Oh counterpart
Of our soft sex; Well are you made our lords:
So bold, so great, so godlike are you form'd.
How can you love such silly things as women?

Arth. Beauty like your's commands; and man
was made

But a more boisterous, and a stronger slave,
To you, the best delights of human kind.

Em. But are ye mine? Is there an end of war?
Are all those trumpets dead themselves, at last,
That us'd to kill men with their thund'ring sounds?

Arth. The sum of war is undecided yet;
And many a breathing body must be cold,
Ere you are free.

Em. How came you hither then?

Arth. By Merlin's art, to snatch a short liv'd bliss;
To feed my famish'd love upon your eyes,
One moment, and depart.

Em. O moment! worth

Whole ages past, and all that are to come!
Let love sick Oswald, now unpitied mourn;
Let Osmond mutter charms to sprites in vain,
To make me love him; all shall not change my soul.

Arth. Ha! Does th' enchanter practise hell upon
Is he my rival too?

[you?]

Em.

Em. Yes, but I hate him;
For when he spoke, thro' my shut eyes I saw him;
His voice look'd ugly, and breath'd brimstone on me:
And then I first was glad that I was blind,
Not to behold perdition.

Pbil. This time is left me to congratulate
Your new-born eyes; and tell you what you gain
By sight restor'd, and viewing him you love.
Appear you airy forms.

Airy Spirits appear in the shape of Women.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

*Oh sight, the mother of desires,
What charming objects dost thou yield!
'Tis sweet when tedious night expires,
To see the rosy morning gild
The mountain tops, and paint the field!
But when sweet Emm'line comes in sight,
She make's the summer's day more bright,
And when she goes away 'tis night.
'Tis sweet the blushing morn to view;
And plains adorn'd with pearly dew;
But such cheap delights to see,
Heaven and nature
Give each creature;
They have eyes as well as we;
This is the joy, all joys above,
To see, to see,
That only she*

Chor. Whose eyes can light with love, &c.

[Spirits vanish.]

Enter Merlin.

Merl. My sovereign, we have hazarded too far;
But love excuses you, and prescience me.
Make haste; for Osmond is even now alarm'd,
And greedy of revenge is hastening home.

Arth. Oh take my love with us, or leave me here.

Merl. I cannot, for she's held by charms too strong;
Which,

Which, with th' enchanted grove, must be destroy'd :
Till when, my art is vain : but fear not, Emmeline ;
'Th' enchanter has no power on innocence.

Em. [*to Arth.*] Farewell, since we must part :

When you are gone,
I'll look into my glass, just where you look'd,
To find your face again ;
If 'tis not there, I'll think on you so long,
My heart shall make your picture for my eyes.

Arth. Where e'er I go, my soul shall stay with thee !
'Tis but my shadow that I take away :

True love is never happy but by halves ;
An April sunshine, that by fits appears,
It smiles by moments, but it mourns by years.

Em. May all good angels spread their wings,
And shield my love from harm.

[*Ex. Arth. Em. and Matil.*]

SCENE III. *a Landskip.*

Re-enter Emmeline and Matilda.

Em. This way, this way, Matilda ;
Now my Arthur's gone, the loveliest object
To my new-born sight, I'll look round and round
Upon the lesser beauties of creation.

Enter Osmond at the other door, who gazes on Emmeline, and she on him.

Em. Ha ! I'm deceiv'd ; save me from this
ugly thing,
This foe to sight ! speak ; dost thou know him ?

Mat. Too well ; 'tis Oswald's fiend, the great
magician.

Em. It cannot be a man, he's so unlike the man
I love.

Osmond. [*Aside.*] Death to my eyes, she sees !

Em. I wish I could not ; but I'll close my sight,
And shut out all I can—It wo't be ;
Winking, I see thee still, thy odious image
Stares full into my soul ; and there infects the room
My

My Arthur shou'd possess.

Osm. [*Aside.*] I find too late,
That Merlin and her lover have been here.
If I was fir'd before when she was blind,
Her eyes dart lightning now ; she must be mine.

Em. I prythee, dreadful thing, tell me thy business here ;
And, if thou canst, reform that odious face ;
Look not so grim upon me.

Osm. My name is Osmond ; and my business, love.

Em. Thou hast a grizly look forbidding what
If I durst tell thee so. [*thou ask'st,*

Osm. My pent-house eye-brows, and my shaggy
beard,

Offend your sight, but these are manly signs :
Faint white and red abuse your expectations ;
Be woman ; know your sex, and love full pleasures.

Em. Love from a monster, fiend ?

Osm. Come, you must love ; or you must suffer
love ;

No coyneſs, none, for I am master here.

Em. And when did Oswald give away his power,
That thou presum'st to rule ? Be sure I'll tell him :
For as I am his prisoner, he is mine.

Osm. Why then thou art a captive to a captive.
O'er-labour'd with the fight, oppress'd with thirst,
That Oswald, whom you mention'd, call'd for drink,
I mix'd a sleepy potion in his bowl,
Which he and his fool friend quaff'd greedily.
The happy dose wrought the desir'd effect ;
Then to a dungeon's depth I sent both bound ;
Where, stow'd with snakes and adders, now they
lodge ; [*slime,*
Two planks their beds, slippery with ooſe and
The rats, that brush o'er their faces with their tails,
And croaking paddocks, crawl upon their limbs ;
Since when the garrison depends on me ;
Now know you are my slave.

Mat. He strikes a horror thro' my blood.

Em. I freeze, as if his impious art had fix'd
My feet to earth.

Ofm. But love shall thaw ye.

I'll show his force in countries cak'd with ice,
Where the pale pole star, in the north of heav'n,
Sits high, and on the frosty winter broods;
Yet there love reigns: for proof, this magic wand
Shall change the mildness of sweet Britain's clime
To Iceland, and the farthest Thule's frost,
Where the proud god, disdaining winter's bounds,
O'erleaps the fences of eternal snow,
And with his warmth supplies the distant sun.

*Ofmond waves his wand. The Scene changes to a
stormy wintry country.*

Enter Cupid.

RECITATIVE. *Miss Rogers.*

*What ho, thou genius of the clime, what ho!
Ly'st thou asleep beneath those bills of snow?
Stretch out thy lazy limbs; awake, awake,
And winter from thy furry mantle shake.*

Genius arises upon a bank of ice.

AIR. *Mr. Champnes.*

*What power art thou, who from below
Hast made me rise, unwillingly, and slow,
From beds of everlasting snow?
See'st thou not how stiff and wond'rous old,
Far unfit to bear the bitter cold,
I can scarcely move or draw my breath?
Let me, let me, freeze again to death.*

AIR.

A I R. Cupid.

*Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear;
 What, dost thou dream of freezing here?
 At Love's appearing all the sky clearing,
 The stormy winds their fury spare:
 Winter subduing, and spring renewing.
 My beams create a more glorious year.
 Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear;
 What, dost thou dream of freezing here?*

A I R. Mr. Champnes.

*Great Love, I know thee now;
 Eldest of the gods art thou:
 Heav'n and earth by thee were made,
 Human nature
 Is thy creature;
 Every where thou art obey'd.*

R E C I T. Cupid.

*No part of my dominion shall be waste;
 To spread my sway, and sing my praise,
 Ev'n here I will a people raise,
 Of kind embracing lovers, and embrac'd.*

*Cupid waves his wand, upon which the scene opens,
 and discovers an extensive prospect of ice and
 snow.*

Peasants appear.

C H O R U S.

*See, see, we assemble,
 Thy revels to hold;
 Tho' quiv'ring with cold,
 We chatter and tremble.*

KING ARTHUR.

A I R. Cupid.

'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I that have warm'd ye;
 In spite of cold weather,
 I've brought you together;
 'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have arm'd ye.

C H O R U S.

'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has warm'd us;
 In spite of cold weather,
 He brought us together:
 'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has arm'd us.

*Cupid waves his wand, the frost scene vanishes,
 and a summer prospect appears.*

A grand dance.

Em. I cou'd be pleas'd with any one but thee,
 Who entertain'd my sight with such gay shows,
 As men and women moving here and there;
 That courting one another in their steps,
 Have made their feet a tune.

Osm. What, coying it again!
 No more; but make happy.

Em. From my sight,
 Thou, all thy devils in one, thou dar'st not force
Osm. You teach me well; [me.
 I'll give you that excuse your sex desire.

[He seizes her and she struggles.

Grim. [within.] O help me, master, help me!

Osm. Who's that, my Grimbald! Come and
 help thou me;

For 'tis thy work t'assist a ravisher.

Grim. [within.] I cannot stir; I am spell-caught
 by Philidel,

And purs'd within a net,

With

With a huge heavy weight of holy words
Laid on my head, that keeps me down from rising.

Osmond. I'll read 'em backwards, and release thy bonds.
Mean time go in :— *[To Emmeline.]*

Prepare yourself, to meet my love,
But if you will not fairly be enjoy'd,
A little honest force is well employ'd. *[Exit Osmond.]*

Em. Heav'n be my guard, I have no other friend!
Heav'n, ever present to thy suppliant's aid,
Protect and pity innocence betray'd.

[Ex. Emmeline and Matilda.]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *A grove.*

Enter Osmond solus.

NOW I am settled in my forceful sway,
Why then, I'll be luxurious in my love;
Take my full gust, and, setting forms aside,
I'll bid the slave, that fires my blood, obey.

Enter Grimbald, who meets him.

Grim. Not so fast, master, danger threatens thee;
There's a black cloud ascending from above,
Full of heav'n's venom, bursting o'er thy head.

Osmond. Malicious fiend, thou ly'st: for I am fenc'd
By millions of thy fellows, in my grove:
I bad thee, when I freed thee from the charm,
Run scouting thro' the wood, from tree to tree,
And look if all my devils were on duty:
Hadst thou perform'd thy charge, thou tardy sprite,
Thou wouldst have known no danger threaten'd me.

Grim. When did a devil fail in diligence?
Poor mortal, thou thyself art overseen;

I have

I have been there, and hence I bring this news.
Thy fatal foe, great Arthur, is at hand :
Merlin has ta'en his time, while thou wert absent,
T' observe thy characters, their force, and nature,
And counterwork thy spells.

Osm. Perdition seize on Merlin!
I'll cast 'em all a-new, and instantly,
All of another mould ; be thou at hand.
Their composition was, before, of horror ;
Now they shall be of blandishment, and love ;
Seducing hopes, soft pity, tender moans :
Art shall meet art : and, when they think to win,
The fools shall find their labours to begin.

[*Exeunt Osm. and Grimb.*]

SCENE II. *A wood, with a large oak in the front.*

Enter Arthur, and Merlin on the other side.

Merl. Thus far it is permitted me to go ;
But all beyond this spot is fenc'd with charms ;
I may no more, but only with advice.

Arth. My sword shall do the rest.

Merl. Remember well, that all is but illusion ;
Go on ; good stars attend thee.

Arth. Doubt me not.

Merl. Yet in prevention
Of what may come, I'll leave my Philidel
To watch thy steps, and with him leave my wand ;
The touch of which no earthy fiend can bear,
In whate'er shape transform'd, but must lay down
His borrow'd figure ; and confess the devil.
Once more farewell, and prosper. [*Ex. Merlin.*]

Arth. [*walking.*] No danger yet, I see no walls of
fire,
No city of the fiends, with forms obscene,
To grin from far on flaming battlements.
This is indeed the grove I should destroy ;
But where's the horror ? sure the prophet err'd.

Hark

Hark ! musick, and the warbling notes of birds ;
[Singing of birds, within.]
 More wonders yet ; yet all delightful too.

*The Scene opens and discovers a pleasant river,
 shaded with trees, a golden bridge over it.*

A silver current to forbid my passage,
 And yet t'invite me, stands a golden bridge :
 Perhaps a trap for my unwary feet,
 To sink and whelm me underneath the waves ;
 With fire or water. Let him wage his war,
 Or all the elements at once, I'll on.

*[As he is going to the bridge, two Syrens arise from
 the water, and sing.]*

DUETTO. Sung by Mrs. Scot, and Miss Radley.

*Two daughters of this aged stream are we,
 And both our sea-green locks have comb'd for thee ;
 Come bathe with us an hour or two,
 Come naked in, for we are so :
 What danger from a naked foe ?
 Come bathe with us, come bathe, and share
 What pleasures in the floods appear :
 We'll beat the waters till they bound,
 And circle, round, around, around,
 And circle round, around.*

Arth. A lazy pleasure trickles thro' my veins ;
 Here could I stay, and well be cozen'd here.
 But Honour calls ; is Honour in such haste ?
 Can it not bait at such a pleasing inn ?
 No ; for the more I look, the more I long :
 Farewel, ye fair illusions, I must leave ye,
 While I have pow'r to say, that I must leave ye.
 Farewel, with half my soul I stagger off ;
 How dear this flying victory has cost,
 When if I stay to struggle, I am lost.

*[As he is going forward, nymphs and sylwans come out
 from behind the trees.]*

DUETTO.

KING ARTHUR.

DUETTO.

By Mrs. Wrighten and Mrs. Dorman.

How happy the lover !

How easy his chain,

How pleasing his pain,

How sweet to discover

He sighs not in vain.

For love every creature

Is form'd by his nature ;

No joys are above

The pleasures of love.

Arth. And what are these fantastick fairy joys,
To love like mine ? False joys, false welcomes all.
Be gone, ye sylvan trippers of the green ;
Fly after night, and overtake the moon.

[Singers and Sirens vanish.]

This goodly tree seems queen of all the grove.
The ringlets round her trunk declare her guilty
Of many midnight sabbaths revell'd here.
Her will I first attempt.

*[Arthur strikes at the tree, and cuts it ; blood spouts
out of it, a groan follows, then a shriek.]*

Good heav'n, what monstrous prodigies are these !
Blood follows from my blow ; the wounded rind
Spouts on my sword, and sanguine dyes the plain.

[He strikes again : a voice of Emmeline from behind.]

Em. *[from behind.]* Forbear, if thou hast pity,
ah, forbear !

These groans proceed not from a senseless plant,
No spouts of blood run welling from a tree.

Arth. Speak what thou art ; I charge thee speak
thy being :

Thou hast made my curdled blood run back,
My heart heave up, my hair to rise in bristles,
And scarcely left a voice to ask thy name.

*[Emmel. breaks out of the tree, shewing her arm
bloody.]*

Em.

Em. Whom thou hast hurt, unkind and cruel, see;
Look on this blood, 'tis fatal, still, to me,
To bear thy wounds, my heart has felt 'em first.

Arth. 'Tis she: amazement roots me to the
ground!

Em. By cruel charms, dragg'd from my peaceful
bower,

Fierce Osmond clos'd me in this bleeding bark;
And bid me stand expos'd to the bleak winds,
And winter storms, and heav'ns inclemency,
Bound to the fate of this hell-haunted grove;
So that whatever sword, or sounding axe,
Shall violate this plant, must pierce my flesh,
And, when that falls I die.——

Arth. If this be true,
O never, never to be ended charm,
At least by me! Yet all may be illusion.
Break up, ye thick'ning fogs, and filmy mists,
All that bely my sight, and cheat my sense;
For reason still pronounces, 'tis not she,
And thus resolv'd—[*Lifts up his sword, as going to*

Em. Do, strike, barbarian, strike; [*strike.*
And strew my mangled limbs, with every stroke.
Wound me, and doubly kill me, with unkindness,
That, by thy hand I fell.

Arth. What shall I do, ye powers?

Em. Lay down thy vengeful sword; 'tis fatal here:
What need of arms, where no defence is made?
A love-sick virgin, panting with desire,
No conscious eye t'intrude on our delights;
For this thou hast the Siren's songs despis'd;
For this, thy faithful passion I reward;
Haste then, to take me longing to thy arms.

Arth. O love! O Merlin! whom should I believe?

Em. Believe thy self, thy youth, thy love, and me;
They only, they, who please themselves, are wise:
Disarm thy hand, that mine may meet it bare.

Arth. By thy leave, reason, here I throw thee off,

Thou load of life : if thou wert made for souls,
Then souls should have been made without their
bodies.

If, falling for the first created fair
Was Adam's fault, great grandfire, I forgive thee;
Eden was lost, as all thy sons would lose it.

[*Going toward Emmeline, and pulling off his gauntlet.*]

Enter Philidel running.

Phil. Hold, poor deluded mortal, hold thy hand;
Which, if thou giv'st, is plighted to a fiend.
For proof, behold the virtue of this wand;
Th' infernal paint shall vanish from her face,
And hell shall stand reveal'd.

[*Strikes Emmeline with a wand, who straight de-
scends: Grimbald appears in her place.*]

Now see to whose embraces thou wert falling.
Behold the maiden modesty of Grimbald!
The grossest, earthiest, ugliest fiend in hell.

Arth. Horror seizes me,

To think what headlong ruin I have tempted.

Phil. Haste to thy work; a noble stroke or two
Ends all the charms, and disenchants the grove.
I'll hold thy mistress bound. [Chains Grimbald.

Arth. Then here's for earnest;

[*Strikes twice or thrice, the tree sinks amidst thunder
and lightning, and the bridge breaks down.*]

'Tis finish'd, and the dusk, that yet remains,
Is but the native horror of the wood.

But I must lose no time; the pass is free;

Th' unroofed fiends have quitted this abode;

On yon proud towers, before this day be done,

My glittering banners shall be wav'd against the set-
ting sun. [Exit Arthur.

Phil. Come on, my surly slave; come stalk along,
And stamp a mad-man's pace, and drag thy chain.

Grim. I'll champ and foam upon't, till the blue
venom

Work

Work upwards to thy hands, and loose their hold.

Phil. Know'st thou this pow'rful wand? 'tis lifted
A second stroke wou'd send thee to the centre, [up;
Benumb'd and dead, as far as souls can die.

Grim. I wou'd thou wou'd'st, to rid me of my sense:
I shall be whoop'd thro' hell, at my return
Inglorious from the mischief I design'd.

Phil. And therefore, since thou loath'st ethereal light,
The morning sun shall beat on thy black brows;
The breath thou draw'st shall be of upper air,
Hostile to thee, and to thy earthy make;
So light, so thin, that thou shall starve for want
Of thy gross food, till gasping thou shalt lie,
And blow it back, all sooty, to the sky.

*Victory! victory! Vice is in chains,
Victory! victory! Virtue reigns.*

CHORUS.

Victory! victory!

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I. *A camp.*

Enter Osmond, as affrighted.

Osmond. GRIMBALD made prisoner, and my
grove destroy'd!
Now what can save me—Hark, the drums and trum-
pets! [*Drums and trumpets within.*
Arthur is marching onward to the fort.
I have but one recourse, and that's to Oswald;

But will he fight for me, whom I have injur'd?
 No, not for me, but for himself he must;
 I'll urge him with the last necessity:
 Better give up my mistress than my life.
 His force is much unequal to his rival;
 True;—but I'll help him with my utmost art,
 And try t'unravel fate. [Exit Osmond.

Enter Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanaet, and soldiers,

Con. Now there remains but this one labour more;
 And if we have the hearts of true-born Britons,
 The forcing of that castle crowns the day.

Aur. The works are weak, the garrison but thin,
 Dispirited with frequent overthrows,
 Already wavering on their ill-mann'd walls.

Alb. They shift their places oft, and skulk from war,
 Sure signs of pale despair and easy rout;
 It shews they place their confidence in magick,
 And when their devils fail, their hearts are dead.

Artb. Then, where you see 'em clust'ring most, in
 motion,
 And staggering in their ranks, there press 'em home;
 For that's a coward's heap—How's this, a fally?

Enter Oswald, Guillamar, and soldiers on the other side.
 Beyond my hopes to meet 'em on the square.

Osw. Brave Britons, hold; and thou their famous
 chief, [Advancing.

Attend what Saxon Oswald will propose.
 He owns your victory; but whether owing
 To valour, or to fortune, that he doubts.
 If Arthur dares ascribe it to the first,
 And singled from a croud, will tempt a conquest,
 This Oswald offers; let our troops retire,
 And hand to hand let us decide our strife:
 This if refus'd, bear witness earth and heav'n,
 Thou steal'st a crown and mistress undeserv'd.

Artb. I'll not usurp thy title of a robber,

Nor

Nor will upbraid thee, that before I proffer'd
 This single combat, which thou did'st avoid;
 So glad I am, on any terms to meet thee,
 And not discourage thy repenting shame.
 As once Æneas, my fam'd ancestor,
 Betwixt the Trojan and Rutilian bands,
 Fought for a crown, and bright Lavinia's bed;
 So will I meet thee, hand to hand oppos'd:
 My auguring mind assures the same success.
 [To his men.] Hence out of view; if I am slain or yield,
 Renounce me, Britons, for a recreant knight;
 And let the Saxon peacefully enjoy
 His former footing in our famous isle.
 To ratify these terms, I swear——

Osw. You need not;
 Your honour is of force, without your oath.
 I only add, that if I fall, or yield,
 Your's be the crown, and Emmeline.

Arth. That's two crowns.
 No more; we keep the looking heav'n and sun
 Too long in expectation of our arms.

[Both armies go off the stage.]

*Arthur and Oswald fight. Oswald retreats. Enter
 Osmond from among the trees, and with his wand
 strikes Arthur's sword out of his hand, and exit.
 Oswald pursues Arthur. Merlin enters, and gives
 Arthur his sword, and exit. They close, and Arthur
 in the fall disarms Oswald.*

Arth. Confess thyself o'ercome, and ask thy life.

Osw. 'Tis not worth asking, when 'tis in thy power.

Arth. Then take it as my gift.

Osw. A wretched gift,

With loss of empire, liberty, and love.

[A concert of trumpets within, proclaiming Arthur's
 victory; while they sound, Arthur and Oswald seem
 to confer.]

'Tis

'Tis too much bounty to a vanquish'd foe;
Yet not enough to make me fortunate.

Arth. Thy life, thy liberty, thy honour safe,
Lead back thy Saxons to their ancient Elb;
I wou'd restore thee fruitful Kent, the gift
Of Vortigern for Hengist's ill-bought aid,
But that my Britons brook no foreign power,
To lord it in a land, sacred to freedom,
And of its rights tenacious to the last.

Osw. Nor more than thou hast offer'd wou'd I take;
I would refuse all Britain held in homage;
And own no other masters but the gods.

Enter on one side, Merlin, Emmeline, and Matilda, Connon, Aurelius, Albanaet, with British soldiers, bearing King Arthur's standard displayed. On the other side, Guillamar, and Osmond, with Saxon soldiers, dragging their colours on the ground.

[Arth. going to Emme. and embracing her.]

Arth. At length, at length, I have thee in my arms;
Tho' our malevolent stars have struggled hard,
And held us long asunder.

Em. We are so fitted for each other's hearts,
That heav'n had erred, in making of a third,
To get betwixt, and intercept our loves.

Osw. Were there but this, this only fight to see,
The price of Britain should not buy my stay.

Mer. Take hence that monster of ingratitude,
Him who betray'd his master, bear him hence;
And in that loathsome dungeon plunge him deep,
Where he plung'd noble Oswald.

Osm. That indeed is fittest for me,
For there I shall be near my kindred fiends,
And spare my Grimbald's pains to bear me to 'em.

[Is carried off.]

Mer. [to Arth.] For this day's palm, and for thy
former acts,
Thy Britain freed, and foreign force expell'd,
Thou,

Thou, Arthur, hast acquir'd a future fame,
 And of three Christian worthies, art the first :
 And now at once to treat thy sight and soul,
 Behold what rolling ages shall produce :
 The wealth, the loves, the glories, of our isle,
 Which yet, like golden ore, unripe in beds,
 Expect the warm indulgency of heav'n
 To call 'em forth to light——

Nor thou, brave Saxon prince, [to Oswald] disdain
 our triumph:

Britons and Saxons shall be once one people ;
 One common tongue, one common faith, shall bind
 Our jarring bands, in a perpetual peace.

Merlin waves his wand ; the scene changes, and discovers the British ocean in a storm. Æolus in a cloud above.

Enter Neptune.

*Ye blust'ring brethren of the skies,
 Whose breath has ruff'd all the wat'ry plain,
 Retire and let Britannia rise,
 In triumph o'er the main.*

*Serene and calm, and void of fear,
 The queen of islands must appear :*

[Æolus ascends, and the four winds fly off ; Britannia rises from the sea.

Enter Venus.

RECITATIVE.

*Fairest isle, all isles excelling,
 Seat of pleasures and of loves ;
 Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
 And forsake her Cyprian groves.*

AIR.

KING ARTHUR.

A I R.

Cupid, from his fav'rite nation,
 Care and Envy will remove ;
 Jealousy, that poisons passion,
 And Despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
 Sighs that blow the fire of love ;
 Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
 Shall be all the pains you prove.

Every swain shall pay his duty,
 Grateful every nymph shall prove ;
 And as these excel in beauty,
 Those shall be renown'd for love.

Mer. These who next enter are our valiant
 Britons,

Who shall by sea and land repel our foes,

[*A march, while the British sailors and grenadiers come to the front of the stage.*]

Now look above, and in heav'n's high abyss,
 Behold what fame attends those future heroes.
 Honour who leads them to that steepy height,
 In her immortal song, shall tell the rest.

[*The order of the Garter descends.*]

SONG, by Mr. Vernon.

I.

St. George, the patron of our isle,
 A soldier, and a saint,
 On that auspicious order smile,
 Which love and arms will plant.

II.

Our natives not alone appear
 To court this martial prize ;
 But foreign kings adopted here,
 Their crowns at home despise.

III.

III.

*Our sovereign high, in awful state,
His honours shall bestow;
And see his scepter'd subjects wait
On his commands below.*

[A dance of British sailors.]

Arth. [to Merl.] Wisely you have, whate'er will
please, reveal'd;
What would displease, as wisely have conceal'd:
Triumphs of war and peace, at full ye show,
But swiftly turn the pages of our woe.
Rest we contented with our present state;
'Tis anxious to enquire of future fate.
That race of heroes is enough alone
For all unseen disasters to atone.
Let us make haste betimes to reap our share,
And not resign them all the praise of war.
But set th' example; and their souls inflame,
To copy out their great forefathers fame.

F I N I S.

KING ARTHUR

THE VISION

4 AP 54

11

12

